# PASQVILS Passe, and passeth not.

*Set downe in three Pees.*

His { Passe, / Precessions, and / Prognostication.

LONDON
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# To my very louing and vndeserued good friend M. Griffin Pen, vpon his hearts true worthinesse shine the Sunne of highest happinesse.

THe countenance of a Landlord, makes a poore Tenant halfe a King, and simple men are no fooles, that follow the shadow of a little honour: for my selfe, I am of none of these Sects: for I esteeme more of the kindenes of a good spirite, than of faire wordes, that bewitch Ignorance; yet I reuerence Honour, and loue Uertue, but finding my selfe vnworthy the fauour of great ones, and yet not willing to looke among the too little, I will loue where I find cause, & deserue where I finde loue: in which sence, entreating you, in the forerancke of my affection, to

*march with your kind friend* M. Conqueſt: *I commend to the good leizure of of your patience, the peruſing of this little pamphlet, deuided into three pees: a* Paſſe, *a* Preceſsion, *and a* Prognoſtication: Paſquill *gaue them to me, to deliuer vnto you, which with his further ſeruice ſhall be further at your commandement: and for my ſelfe how well I loue you I will not tell you, til your commandement make me happy in your emploiment, & ſo wiſhing both in the work, & my wil, a more worthines of your kindnes, I reſt:*

Yours affectionately to command,

*N. B.*

# To the Reader.

PAſquill commends him to all that loue him, to whom he giues to vnderſtand, that after his pains taken in his Mad-cappe, and his Fooles-cappe, laying them both aſide, thinking to take alitle reſt, gat him his Night-cappe, vnder which, in ſteede of ſleep, many idle humors came in his head, which troubling his little ſtaied braine, would not let him be at quiet, till he had committed them to the cuſtodie of pen, and incke, and paper, which hauing ſet downe ſomewhat to his owne contentment, he hath in diuers Copies ſent abroade to all ſuch as will pay for the writing, or els, I ſhould rather ſay, for the printing which I thinke be better cheape: to tell you what he doth intreate of, were needeles, when it followeth neere at hand: and therefore onely thus much I will tell you, hauing paſt through manie ſtrange courſes, and finding little or nothing ſo pleaſing, but taſted like a bitter ſweete, vpon a ſuddaine fell vpon, Good Lord deliuer vs, and ſo continuing of his Preceſſion as long as he thought good, growing weary of his life, fell to dreame of Doomes-day: but leſt I prooue tedious, I will turne you to that you ſhall reade if it ſhall pleaſe you, and conſider of it as it ſhall like you, and ſo for this time I leaue you.

*Your friend* Paſquill.

# Pasquill to Morphorius.

*MOrphorius, I promised thee a Passe, which heere I haue sent thee, hoping in the like kindnesse ere long to heare from thee : in the meane time, let mee tell thee, that for our parts, we haue little ioy to looke for in this worlde: fooles doe not vnderstand vs, and knaues do but abuse vs, the wealthy loue vs not, and the poore can do vs no good : honesty is ill for thriuing, and yet the wisedome of the world being foolishnesse before God, I know not what to say: but for that the time of our life is short in this worlde, let vs leaue vanitie, and fall to some vertuous courses, and yet, becau'e I will not at this time trouble thee too much with the Scripture, I will leaue thee to reade what I haue scribbled : and so end in some haste.*

Thine, Pasquill.

# PASQVILS

## Paſſe

HE that deſires from danger ſafe to paſſe
Along the world, his wofull wretched daies,
And would behold (as in a looking glaſſe)
The blocks and ſtops, and ſuch vnhappy ſtaies,
As croſſe a thouſand in their very waies:
Let him but creepe as I haue learnd to go,
And tell me if it do him good or no.

He that will paſſe neere to a Princes Court,
Let him take heede his tongue breake not his necke,
Nor mate himſelfe among the Noble ſort,
Leſt prowde preſumption haue too ſore a checke,
Nor bend his will, to euery wantons becke:
But watch good fortunes, when they kindly fall,
And then paſſe on, and haue no feare at all.

But,if a face of braſſe will be too bold,
Or like a ſheepes head ſhunne good company,
Or of complexion be too chilling cold,
Or fiery hot vpon an agony,
Or much inclind to any villany,
Or for his wit,ioyne iſſue with an aſſe,
He hath no warrant neere the Court to paſſe.

He that will paſſe before a Iudgement ſeate,
Let him take heede his caſe be good and cleere,
Leſt,when that Trueth doth of the matter treate,
A heedleſſe will do buy repentance deere:
While coſt ill loſt doth breed but heauy cheere:
But let him chiefly carry a good purſe,
And then be ſure to paſſe on ne're the worſe.

But if he come with an vncertainety,
And thinke a curtſie will excuſe a fee,
In hope that Law in Pitties charity,
Wil alwayes giue the right where it ſhould be,
Let him learne this *probatum* rule of me,
That Trueth and Wealth do very much in law,
While beggar Falſhoode is not worth a ſtraw.

He that wil paſſe into a warlike field,
Let him not be too raſh, nor yet too ſlow,
Not franticke fight, nor like a coward yeeld,
But with diſcretion ſo his valour ſhow,
That fame may grace him where e're he goe:
Leſt heedleſſe will do ſhew when he is ſlaine,
He may paſſe thither, but not backe againe.

He that will paſſe into a Merchants booke,
Let him take heede how to diſcharge the debt,
Leſt when that Kindneſſe doth for Patience looke,
He be ſo tangled in a Statute net,
That he be ſo with cunning trickes beſet,
That to the Counter he do paſſe ſo faſt,
As he can ſcarce paſſe backe againe in haſte.

He that wil paſſe into a Ladies eies,
And in her hands wil leaue his little heart,
And yet with all his wit, is not ſo wiſe,
As to diſcerne the ſleight of *Venus* Art,
In giuing of the Fooles-Cap by deſart:
Let him go better ſet his wittes to ſchoole,
Or elſe be ſure to paſſe for a good foole.

# Paſquils Paſſe

He that will paſſe into the Holy land,
Let him be grounded in the rules of grace,
And be aſſurde that he doth vnderſtand,
What is the trueth that falſhoode may deface,
Leſt when that Wiſedome Follie doth diſplace,
And Learnings Court breake vp, and all are gone,
He paſſe but for a ſimple blind ſir Ihon.

He that will paſſe into a Clownes conceit,
Let him take heede he know a clouted ſhooe,
Leſt he be couſoned with a cloſe deceit:
When ſeely Fooles know not what Knaues can doe,
With, Yea, and Nay, to bring an Ideot to:
But if he kindly know Clim of the Clough,
Then let him paſſe, he ſhall doe well enough.

He that will paſſe into an Ordinary,
Let him take heede to deale with cardes and dice,
Leſt whatſoeuer mony in he carry,
Ere he beware he looſe it with a trice,
And all too late repentance learne the price,
To know how he that paſſeth in purſe-full,
And goes out empty, paſſeth for a Gull.

He that desires to passe vnto the seas,
Let him take heede his ship be good and tight,
Let him prouide for all things for his ease,
And to withstand both wind and weathers spight,
And by his Compas keepe his course aright:
Be wary of the shelfes, the rockes, and sands,
And fall not rashly into pyrats hands.

But if he passe within a leaking ship,
Ill victualld, and worse furnisht for defence,
And thinke a thousand leagues is but a skip,
And by the want of wits experience,
Prouide for nothing that may shunne offence:
Such one may happen well to passe from shore,
But once at sea, may passe to land no more.

But he that seekes to passe by sea or land,
To Court, or Country, for his best auaile,
Let him thus much for certaine vnderstand,
That if his purse the better not preuaile,
His fortune will in many courses faile:
For a good purse will make a man to passe,
To many places where he neuer was.

But if (alas) he he passe purse penniless,
In this vile world he shall haue little grace,
But with a heauy heart all comfortless,
Among the Beggars take a sory place:
Oh this same Gold hath such a glorious face,
That in false Angells, he that heedes not well,
Will headlong passe his wicked soule to hell.

But, he that faine would passe to Paradise,
Must learne to passe from all these worldly pleasures,
For vnto heau'n what heart can passe his eies,
That is intangled in this worlds treasure?
No, where the World hath on the Soule made seisure,
As hardly it can passe to heau'n on hie,
As can a Camell through a Needles eie.

Then do not passe the boundes of honestie,
Of wit, of reason, nor of amitie.
Of law, of iustice nor of equitie,
Nor the true grounds of Trueths diuinitie:
But in the worship of the Trinitie,
Humble thy soule vnto the Deitie,
And passe vnto the heau'ns felicitie.

# PASQVILS
## Preceſsion.

A Loggerheaded aſſe that hath no wit,
A raſcall knaue that hath no honeſty,
A foule ilfauour'd filthie baggage Tit,
A wicked Iudge that hath no equity,
And a rich man that hath no charity,
A faithleſſe friend, and from a fruitleſſe tree,
The Lord of heau'n and earth deliuer me.

A graceleſſe child, and an vnquiet wife,
An idle ſeruant, and a priuy theefe,
A long delay, and an vngodly life,
A helpleſſe care, and a conſuming griefe,
And from deſpaire that neuer finds reliefe,
And from the drone that robbes the hony be,
The Lord of heau'n and earth deliuer me.

A prowd companion, and a prating iacke;
A cogging marchant and a careleſſe debter,
A queaſie ſtomacke, and a broken ſacke,
A filthy hand, and an ill-fauourd letter,
And an ill mind that meanes to be no better,
And from a bribe inſteede of a due fee,
The Lord of heau'n and earth deliuer me.

A blind phiſition, and a ſluttiſh cooke,
Vnholſome porridge, and vnſauory bread,
A babiſh ſtory, and a fooliſh booke,
A baggige humor, and a beetle head,
A ſmoaky chamber, and a lowſie bed:
And from ſuch neighbours as cannot agree,
The Lord of heau'n and earth deliuer me.

A Tyrant prince, and a rebellious ſubiect,
A bloudy ſoldiour, and a coward leader,
An Owles eie-ſight and an vgly obiect,
An obſcure line, and an vnlearned Reader,
A ſergeant, iailour, hangman, and beheader,
And from the fruit of the three cornerd tree,
Good Lord of heau'n and earth deliuer me.

# Pasquils Precession

A resty hackney, and a durtie way,
A stormy tempest, and a leaking ship,
An idle quarrell, and a drunken fray,
A dogged queane that euer hangs the lip,
A iade that will not stirre without a whip,
A blinded eie that can nor will not see,
From these the Lord of heau n deliuer me.

A lazie huswife and a hackney Gill,
A crooked finger, and a cramped foote,
A hasty wit, and an vnbrideled will,
A broken shooe, and an ill fauourd boote,
A poisning weede, and an vnwholesome roote,
And from the buzzing of the humble Bees,
The Lord of heau n and earth deliuer me.

A mouth that slauers, and a stinking breath,
A craftie cripple, and a sullen queane,
A stinking puddle, and a moorish heath,
A dogge that is too fatte, a horse too leane,
A maide that will not keepe her dairie cleane,
A blow vpon the elbow, and the knee,
From each of these the Lord deliuer me.

A fleering laughter, and a faithleſſe heart,
A creeping curtſie, and a cankred mind,
An idle ſtudy, and a needleſſe art,
A Northerne tempeſt, and an Eaſterne wind,
And from a Curre, that bites a man behind.
And from a Glaſſe of an il-fauour'd blee,
The Lord of heau'n and earth deliuer me.

To keepe too long among vngodly people,
To fit mine humor vnto euery faſhion,
To ſeeke to build a houſe vpon Paules Steeple,
To dwell too long vpon a peeuiſh faſhion,
To follow ill, and hate a reformation,
To learne the rules where ſuch ill leſſons be,
From all ſuch trifles, the Lord deliuer me.

To make an idoll of a painted face,
And to attend vpon a golden aſſe,
To ſeeke to do the honeſt mind diſgrace,
And bring a kind of wicked world to paſſe,
Or ſeeke to braue it with a face of braſſe:
To leape the Tems, or clime a rotten tree,
From all ſuch trifles, the Lord deliuer me.

From ſtanding too much in mine owne conceit,
And giuing credite vnto euery tale,
From being caught with euery fooliſh baite,
From ſetting of my credite all to ſale,
From leauing of a nut to take a ſhale,
From the poore line of the fooles petegree,
The Lord of heau'n and earth deliuer me.

From fury, franzie, and impriſonment,
From fine Maid Marian and her Morris dance,
From the deſeruing of due puniſhment,
From bond, from ſtatute, and recogniſance,
From truſting too much vnto fickle chance,
From vnkind brothers that cannot agree,
The Lord of heau'n and earth deliuer me.

From taking pleaſure in a villanie,
From careleſſe hearing of a ſound aduiſe,
From ſorting with the wicked companie,
From ſetting vertue at too low a price,
From looſing too much coine at cardes and dice,
From being bound till folly make me free,
The Lord of heau'n and earth deliuer me.

From laying plottes for to abuſe a friend,
From being by a cunning knaue beguild,
From working humors to a wicked end,
From getting of a filthy whore with child,
From dwelling in a houſe that is vntilde,
From ſurfeting within a cherrie tree,
From all ſuch toies, good Lord deliuer me.

From a conſpiracie of wicked knaues,
A flight of buzzards, and a denne of theeues,
A knot of villaines, and a crue of ſlaues,
And from the patches on the beggars ſleeues,
And from the ſpoile that gratious ſpirits greeues,
And from the foole can neither thriue nor thee,
The bleſſed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

From the illuſions of the filthy diuell,
From too much hunting after worldly pleaſure,
And from delighting in an inward euill,
And too much louing of this wordly treaſure,
And from taking leuell by vnlawfull meaſure:
And from the babies fooliſh A, B, C,
The bleſſed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

To

# Pasquils Precession

To thinke to wash an Ethiopan white,
To loue too long, and not be loued againe;
To do him wrong that alwaies doth me right,
To play the knaue with him that meaneth plaine,
And to continue in so vile a vaine,
From all such notes where such instructions be.
The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

An old blind cat that cannot catch a mouse,
A flinging curtoll, and a kicking mare,
A wife that neuer loues to keepe her house,
A lazy hound that will not hunt a hare,
The shame that falles out with the begars share,
And from the foole that will good fortune flee,
The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

From all infections both of soule and body,
And from the cureless crosses of the mind,
From being too much inward with a noddy:
Or to a brother or a friend vnkind,
Or changing humors hourely with the wind,
From an ill fruit of an accursed tree,
The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

From making bargaines till I liue by losse,
And hoording come to eate into my heart,
To walke the Woodcocke to the Beggars crosse,
Or to be scholler at the diuells art,
To hurt my soule with an infernall smart:
From all such humors where such errors be,
The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

From beating of my braines about a bable,
From thinking of no end ere I beginne,
From giuing eare vnto an idle fable:
And poasting iournies for a puddings skinne,
And loosing all while other men do winne:
From eating apples vpon Adams tree,
The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

A rainy euening, and a foggy morne,
A barren ground, and an vnkindly yeere,
A nittie haire, a garment ouer worne,
A market towne where all things are too deere,
A churles bare table without bread or beere,
The wofull issue of a Iudas fee,
The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

From reſtie bacon, and ill ſalted beefe,
From raw ſodde cunger, and ill roſted eeles,
From a quicke witte, that hath his tongue too briefe,
And from the blaines, and kibes vpon my heeles,
And from a madding wit, that runnes on wheeles,
From all ſuch rules as out of order be,
The bleſſed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

From a delight in hunting after newes,
Or louing idle tales of Robin Hood,
And from too much frequenting of the ſtewes,
Or ventring farre but for a little good,
And take a puddle for a princely flood,
From ſuch blind ieſts as beſt with fooles agree,
The bleſſed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

To ſlander Honor, Vertue to diſgrace,
Offend Diſcretion, Learning to abuſe,
Good labours enuy, and their worth deface:
To follow follie, wiſedome to refuſe:
To leaue the beſt, and all the worſt to chuſe,
To euery Aſſe to giue the cappe and knee,
From all ſuch errors Lord deliuer me.

From writing libells against men of state,
And medling with matters aboue my selfe,
Where I am lou'd, to giue iust cause of hate,
Or to be busie with a monkie elfe,
Or careless runne my ship vpon a shelfe:
From such ill courses, where no good I see,
The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

From loosing too much time in making loue,
From trusting to an idle humour'd dreame:
From spending too much mony how to proue,
To make a boate to ouergo the streame,
To kill my selfe to purge a little fleame:
From such odde vaines where such deuises be,
The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

From a prowd woodcocke, and a peeuish wife,
A sleepy maiden, and a wanton hagge,
A poyntlesse needle, and a broken knife:
A house vnfurnisht, and an emptie bagge,
A fidling baggige, and a wicked wagge:
And from the woods where wolues and foxes be,
The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

The French *Verola*, and the Engliſh feuer,
The Iriſh ague, and the Spaniſh pippe,
The lungs conſumption, and the rotten liuer,
The curſed fall into a fellons trippe,
And from the ladder by the rope to skippe,
Where execution makes the fatall tree,
The bleſſed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

To diue into a pocket for a purſe,
Or ſteale a horſe out of a paſture field,
To loue to ſweare and lie, and ban and curſe,
And ſtubbornely to no good counſell yeeld:
But vnder fortune all my forces ſhield,
From all ſuch rules where reaſons ruines be,
The bleſſed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

From couſoning of my ſelfe with too much kindnes,
From ſlipping fortune when it doth befall me,
From being led by wilfull reaſons blindnes,
And keeping backe when fortune ſeemes to call me,
From all ſuch paſſions as may ſo apall me,
Where blinded eies cannot their bleſſings ſee,
The bleſſed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

To be commanded by a curriſh minde,
And to be flattred by a fooliſh knaue:
And to be croſſed by a wicked winde,
And to be followed with a filthy ſlaue,
And to be harbourd in a helliſh caue:
From ſuch ill courſes where ſuch croſſes be,
The bleſſed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

From thriftleſſe ſpending, and from fruitleſſe paines,
From ſenceleſſe ſtudies, and from graceleſſe deedes,
From helpleſſe torments, and from witleſſe vaines,
And from all thoſe follies, that ſuch humors feedes,
And from the ſinne that endleſſe ſorrow breedes,
And from all ſpots in my fowle ſoule to ſee,
Oh bleſſed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

A moath that eates into the fineſt cloth,
A wicked worme that hath a deadly ſting,
A poyſned potion, with a ſugred froth,
A wicked charme, within a Diuels Ring:
And from the Syrenes when they fall to ſing:
From ſuch ill creatures as ſo curſed be,
The bleſſed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

A mowse within a daintie peece of cheese,
A nest of rattes within a linnen chest,
A snake within a hiue of hony Bees,
A woolfe that eates into a wounded breast,
And from his curse that neuer can be blest:
From all such ill, wherein no good can be,
The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

From an olde kow that kicketh downe her milke,
And a yong colt, that will his rider cast,
From a thieues halter, though it be of silke:
And from a diall that doth goe too fast,
And from a pardon when the paine is past,
And from confession vnder Tiborne tree,
The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

From too long hoping after dead mens shooes,
And from betraying of an honest trust,
From lacke of care, either to gaine or loose,
And from a conscience that may proue vniust,
And from a wicked and vnlawfull lust:
From all such courses where no comforts be,
The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

From a ſtale peece of fleſh that is twice ſodden,
And from a bloud raw roſted peece of beefe,
And from a crauen henne that is crow trodden,
And from a bawd, a whore, a rogue, a thiefe,
And from home-taking an hearts inward griefe,
And from the ill wherein no good can be,
The bleſſed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

From blindnes, lameneſſe, deafnes, cramps, and ſtitches,
And from the gowt, the chollicke and the ſtone,
And from inchanting charmes of wicked witches,
From coughes, and rhewmes, and aches in the bone,
And from the griefe of loue to liue alone:
And from all agues whatſoe're they be,
The bleſſed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

From the forſaking of the word of God,
To follow idle humour'd fopperies,
To ſcorne the ſcourging of the heau'nly rod,
From doing of my ſelfe ſuch iniuries,
To bring my ſoule into ſuch miſeries,
And from all ſinne within my ſoule to ſee,
The gratious God of heau'n deliuer me.

When

When I am olde, and ſicke, and lame and poore,
And crucified a thouſand ſundry wayes,
And death beginnes to ope my fatall doore,
To call me home from my vnhappy dayes,
And all my paſſions then muſt end their playes,
Then from all euill, and both now and then,
The Lord of heau'n deliuer me, Amen.

# PASQVILS Prognoſtication

VHen that a churle doth grow ſo prodigal,
He cares not how he throw away his coyne,
And a wiſe man growes ſo fantaſticall,
As with a foole will for his counſell ioyne,
And that a Fencer layes away his foyne,
And a yong ſpend-thrift falles to purchaſe land,
I feare that Doomes day will be hard at hand.

When that a Lawyer leaues to take a fee.
And that a trades man will not ſell for gaine,
VVhen euery Iudge will ſo indifferent be,
Euen as he ſees to ſhew the matter plaine,
VVhen that the world is growne to ſuch a vaine,
My Muſe doth feare in her beſt ayming markes,
The skie will fall, and then we ſhall haue Larkes.

When humblenesse is praisde, and pride abated,
Vertue is honour'd, and foule vice defaced,
Goodnesse beloued, wickednesse is hated,
Wisedome aduanced, folly is displaced,
Truth is esteem'd and falshood is disgraced,
The rich men giue their treasure to the poore,
I feare me Doomes day will be at the doore.

When filthy Dowdes will leaue to paint their faces,
And Iacke an Apes leaue ietting like a man,
And Brokers debters feare no Sergeants maces,
Nor Geese will take the riuer with the Swan,
Nor greedie turne-spittes licke the dripping pan:
Nor that a knaue will giue a foole the scoffe,
I feare me doomes day will not be farre off.

When giddie heads lay by their idle humors,
And wicked wittes will leaue their villanie,
And graceless tongues will cease vnciuill Rumors,
And yong men follow no il companie,
Nor maides be sicke of the sweete Timpanie:
But constant hearts for very loue will die,
I feare me doomes day then will be too nie.

When idle louers leaue for to dissemble,
And faithfull friends are worthily regarded,
And Vertues beautie doth the sunne resemble,
While clowdie mistes are vtterly disswaded,
And careful seruice kindly is rewarded,
While honor liues, where loue can neuer die,
I feare me doomes day will be very nigh.

When old men liue til they be yong againe,
And yong men fal in age before their time,
When Poets Muses leaue to frump and faine,
And blossomes loose the beautie of their prime,
And no man falls that takes in hand to clime,
And he that may be rich will needes be poore,
I feare me Doomes day then is at the doore.

When that a beggar braues it with a King,
And that a coward puts a souldier downe,
And that a Waspe is bred without a sting,
And that a Knight must creepe vnto a Clowne,
And heart sicke Honor falls into a swowne,
And careful hearts for lacke of comfort die,
I feare me doomes day wil be then too nie.

When cankred coine a Kingdome may command,
And many thousands die for one mans ease,
And that a poore man may not right demand,
And honest hearts must wicked humors please,
Til sorrow too much on the soule do ceaze,
When thus the world with woe is ouergone,
I feare that Doomes day will be comming on.

When Cockes of game begin to leaue their fight,
And old fooles will not with yong bables play,
The stately Eagle loose her lofty height,
And wise men fall to keepe fooles holiday.
When that the world doth grow to such a stay,
It makes me feare that much about that yeere,
The day of Doome wil sure be very neere.

When that the Lion doth begin to roare,
The wolfe to houle, the snarling curre to barke,
The buzzard Kite too neere the sunne to soare,
The Bunting striue to mount aboue the Larke,
My Muse doth find in her best aiming marke,
That neere vpon that yeere she feares to see,
The comming of the day of Doome wil be.

When

When that a flie vpon a galde horse backe,
Can make fooles laugh to see how he can sit,
And when a pedler in a beggars packe,
Can carrie ware, for his poore trade vnfit,
And with his purse can go away with it,
And Epicures will leaue their belly-cheere,
I feare me then the day of Doome is neere.

When Iohn a Noddes will be a Gentleman,
Because his worship weares a velvet coate,
And euery Piper, a Musitian,
Because he hits vpon an idle noate,
And Beggars care not for the King a groate.
When that the foole will giue himselfe the scoffe,
I feare me Doomes day cannot be farre off.

When children teach their parents how to speake,
And seruants learne their masters to command,
When strong men will be guided by the weake,
And Rascall driue the male Deere downe the lawnde,
And Beggars fill the misers emptie Mawnd,
And dead men rise aliue out of the Beere,
I feare me Doomes day wil be very neere.

When conies hunt the dogges out of the warren,
And partridges beate hawkes out of the field,
And deinty faulcons feede on filthy carren,
And souldiers take the penne, and leaue the field,
And that a prince will to his subiects yeeld:
Then by some rules my Muse doth vnderstand,
She biddes me feare, that doomes day is at hand.

When such as loue their eies will needes be blind,
And such as heare will seeme to stoppe their eares,
And fathers to their children are vnkind,
Because they thinke that they are none of theirs,
When they haue wiues, and other make their heires,
When such hard pointes the world doth stand vpon,
I feare me doomes day will be comming on.

When that the world is set vpon a will,
And purses carie matters as they list,
VVhen all the grace is in the golden skill,
And few or none that cares for had I wist,
And each one thinkes he walketh in a mist,
VVhen all these courses fall out in a yeere,
I feare me Doomes day will be very neere.

When idle quarrels breede vngodly warres,
And ſubtil peace deceiues a ſimple heart,
VVhen men do ſhoote their arrowes at the ſtarres,
And neuer thinke of death his ſodaine dart,
VVhen thus the world doth take the fooliſh part,
VVhen all good thoughts are flung vpon the floore,
I feare me Doomes day will be at the doore.

VVhen he that puts himſelfe into good ragges,
Thinkes himſelfe halfe a prince for his apparrell,
VVhen he that hath the cheſt of golden bagges,
Beleeues he hath the world within a barrell,
VVhen folly thus with better wit will quarrell,
VVhile wiſedome in the world hath much diſgrace,
I feare me Doomes day will come on apace.

When lands and bagges do marry wealth to wealth,
And want and vertue muſt go downe the wind,
VVhen few or none regard the ſpirites health,
VVhile wicked humors leade away the mind,
VVhen the poore world is in this pitteous kind:
VVhile helliſh ſpirits in their pride do ſtand,
I feare me Doomes day will be hard at hand.

When Charing crosse and Paules do meete,
And breake their fast in Friday streete,
And Ware and Waltam go to Kent,
To purchase lands and gather rent,
And Easter falles afore the Lent:
Then, if my Table doe not lie,
The day of doome will sure be nie.

When woodcockes build in dawcockes nestes,
And Robin Hood is rise againe,
And misers churles make merry feasts,
And merchants loose that they may gaine,
When once the world is in that vaine,
Then do not thinke but nigh that yeere,
The day of doome is very neere.

When euery child his father knowes,
And euery man will loue his wife,
And women sweare to be no shrowes,
But husbands leade a quiet life,
While kindnesse cuts off euery strife:
Then without doubt this build vpon,
The day of doome is comming on.

when

When Newgate is without a knaue,
And Bridewell found without a whoore,
A galley found without a slaue,
A Farmers barne without a floore,
And not a beggar at the doore:
Then let both time and reason trie;
And if that doomes day be not nie.

When theeues begin to leaue to steale.
And Iades will leaue their kicking trickes,
And fooles their secrets will conceale,
And maides will vse no setting stickes,
Nor blacke thorne carrie pointed prickes,
Then do not thinke but in that yeere,
The day of doome will sure be neere.

When old men care not for their health,
And faire yong women wish to die,
And rich men throw away their wealth,
And Rascalls leaue their beggarie,
And knaues will leaue their knauerie,
Then thinke as I haue said before,
The day of Doome is at the doore.

When wanton eies breede wicked minds,
And wilfull heads breede wofull hearts,
VVhile indiſcretion nature blinds,
To ſcorne the rules of Reaſons Artes,
And headloug fall into foule partes,
Til had-I-wiſt make folly crie,
Then thinke the day of Doome is nie.

When women will no malice ſhew,
And men are free from envies fault,
VVho may be high, wil be below,
And beefe keepe ſweete that hath no ſalt,
And Beere is brewed with muſty Malt,
Then do beleeue that truth will trie,
The day of Doome will ſure be nie.

When Gamſters at Primero reſts,
Will put out all their purſes eie,
And warres do grow to be but ieſts,
Where many fight, and few do die,
A ſpider will not eate a flie,
Then by my rule I vnderſtand,
The day of Doome will be at hand.

When Souldiers led into a field,
Do ſee their leaders runne at a ſtay,
The valiant to the coward yeeld,
That doth his honour ſteale away,
When the world is at ſuch a fray:
I ſay but as I ſaid before,
Thinke Doomes day will be at the doore.

When that a Cocke wil craue his hen,
Becauſe ſhee is not of his breede,
And boies will be as good as men,
When ſchollers teach their Maſters reade,
An hearb is ſpoiled by a weede,
Then by my rules experience,
The day of Doome is not farre hence.

When no good nurture can amend ill manners,
Nor daily preaching draw the world to God,
But ſinne and ſhame diſplay their open banners,
While he on earth begins to make abode,
When holy thoughts are wholy ouertrode,
While faith and troth do feare to ſhew their face,
I feare me Doomes day will come on apace.

When that a man must seeke to please his wife,
For feare the cuckoe sing vpon his head,
A woman will be wearie of her life,
Because she cannot bring a foole to bed,
When siluer thus must be exchangde for led,
By such true rules as I haue rightly scand,
I feare me Doomes day will be hard at hand.

When wicked minds will in their humors dwell,
And sinne is not ashamde to shew her face,
And Atheists are resolude to go to hell,
Becausse they haue no feeling thought of Grace,
When that the world is in this wofull case,
And death and sorrow do begin their song,
I feare the day of Doome will not be long.

When men and women gree like dogges and catts,
Becausse the world is full of wicked natures,
And euery towne is full of mice and rattes,
That do deuoure the foode of better creatures,
While fooles make idolls of ill-fauoured features,
When we are thus poore, people to beg on vs,
I feare me doomes day will come stealing on vs.

When

When that a cat will eate no milke,
And that a fox the gooſe forſakes,
And courtiers leaue their wearing ſilke,
And ſnow doth leaue to fall in flakes,
And one man marres that other makes.
Then doth my Table ſay that yeere,
The day of Doome will ſure be neere.

When fiſhes leaue to play with baites,
And buzzards leaue to beate the wind,
And knaues will leaue with cunning ſleights,
For to deceiue a ſimple mind,
When that the world is in this kind,
Be ſure this note to build vpon,
The day of Doome is comming on.

When morrice dancers leaue their bells,
The foole his bable by will lay,
And oiſters breede without their ſhells,
And that the mice with cattes will play,
While wiſe men make fooles holy day:
Then tell me if my table lie,
That ſaies that doomes day will be nie.

When that a Kite the Chicken feares,
The wolfe will not come neere the Lamb,
The frogs will be as big as Beares,
The Ewe will not abide the Ramme,
A Calfe wil leaue to sucke the Damme.
Then do I by my table find,
That doomes day is not farre behind.

When youth will not the wantons play,
And age hath sworne he will not dote,
And wil and wit are at a fray,
VVhile beggarie is not worth a groate,
It is a certaine rule to note,
That very much vpon that yeere,
The day of doome approcheth neere.

When that a beggar braues a King,
And fishes swimme without their finnes,
An Owle wil teach a Larke to sing,
And fishers leaue to lay their ginnes,
VVhen puddings creepe out of their skinnes,
Then thinke as I haue said before,
The day of doome is at the doore.

when

When Swallowes leaue to feede on Flies,
And Asses looke into the ayre,
And Mowles begin to ope their eies,
And two fooles do not make a paire,
And Basenesse sits in Honors chaire,
And the Lord be seruant to a Groome,
Then thinke vpon the day of doome.

When fire begins to leaue his heate,
No coolenesse in the water is,
The hungry will refuse their meate,
And louers leaue to coll and kisse,
And all is well that was amisse:
Then doth my perfect rule descrie,
The day of doome wil sure be nigh.

When couetousnesse can infect a King,
And pride is set vpon a beggars heart,
And too much want the honest mind doth wring,
While helplesse sorrow breedes the spirits smart,
When thus the diuell ginnes to play his part,
To fill the world with such vnhappy fare,
I feare doomes day before we be aware.

When furies flie like ſparkles in the ayre,
With fire and ſword, to fil the world with bloud,
And feareful ſoules are neere vnto deſpaire,
While graceleſſe hearts can ſee no hope of good,
But endleſſe ſorrow is the ſinners food:
When thus the diuell in the world doth ſit,
Doomes day wil come, although it be not yet.

FINIS.